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The Locked Room



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Chapter 1 by StoryWolves

"It has been 63 days since I have escaped. My friends have been taken away from me and killed. I have heard their screams in the night while I sleep." I say in a quivering tone. "Oh, Ok lets start on how you were taken." Said my newly assigned police officer. "It was a Wednesday night and I was walking home from the club that me and my friends were at and then a dude just came out and took me. I screamed and screamed but no one came." I say as I start tearing up. "What did the man look like, was he tall was he African-American?" She says. "He was a.....lets say 5 foot 8 caucasian man. He was wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans with ripped knees. Oh... and he was wearing black work boots." I said in a serious tone. "Ok thanks I hope you and your husband are doing good. Oh, and thanks for telling me that." She said then left. I stepped out of the building to the quiet Michigan wilderness as I thought of what will happen next.

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